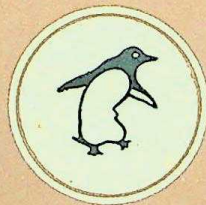


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The Penguin Modern Painters

DUNCAN GRANT



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RAYMOND MORTIMER

DUNCAN GRANT

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DUNCAN GRANT

THE year 1910 is of capital importance in the history of English painting. It was then that the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries enjoyed a success comparable to that of a knock-about farce. Rubicund clubmen in tall hats flocked to guffaw at the masterpieces of Cézanne; in front of paintings by Van Gogh and Matisse ladies in feather boas brandished angry parasols or broke into peals of carefully silvery laughter. Eminent physicians diagnosed the types of ophthalmia or insanity from which the painters must suffer; learned critics vied with ingenuous Academicians in the virulence of their abuse. But to a few young artists the show was a revelation, and among these was Duncan Grant. His age, his temperament, and the circle in which he lived

combined to make him the most ready of converts.

Born in 1885 at Rothiemurchus, in Inverness-shire (of which his paternal ancestors had for centuries been lairds), he was the only child of a regular soldier. His mother was a McNeil from Kirkcudbrightshire, but both his grandmothers were English. His early years were spent in India—where his father's regiment was serving—with journeys home on leave every two years. Then came an English prep.-school, and holidays spent, since his parents were still abroad, with his father's sister, Lady Strachey, a woman remarkable for character and culture. Like many others who in adult life are conspicuous for their powers of enjoyment, he was unhappy at school. His

home, however, was now with a large family distinguished by intellectual brilliance and force of personality. There were five brothers and five sisters, all with the wit, fantasy and taste for learning which made one of them, Lytton Strachey, so delightful a writer. The young Duncan Grant was destined for the Army; so when he left his prep.-school to become a day-boy at St Paul's, he was placed in the Army class and obliged to concentrate on mathematics, of which he could understand nothing. Lady Strachey saw that her nephew was wasting his time at school, and that he had not the makings of a Major. She persuaded his parents to let him leave St Paul's, and go, in 1902, to the Westminster School of Art. Already at prep.-school he had prayed that one day God would make him paint like Burne-Jones; and later he had received encouragement and advice from the French artist, Simon Bussy, who was engaged to one of his Strachey cousins. But at the Westminster School of Art he made no particular mark; moreover, he was found

unworthy of admission to the Royal Academy School.

He made a journey to Italy, where he copied the Masaccios in the Carmine, and received an indelible impression from the paintings of Piero della Francesca. Then, in 1906, he spent a year in Paris as a pupil of Jacques-Emile Blanche, who proved an admirable teacher. He was now captivated by the Impressionists, and spent much of his time at the Luxembourg, where the Caillebotte collection was then housed. The Chardins in the Louvre were also subjects for repeated and delighted study. When he returned to London he tried the Slade School for half a term, and then took a studio in Fitzroy Square.

The next few years saw the formation of that circle of friends, often nicknamed 'Bloomsbury', some account of which is here relevant. It centred round the daughters of Sir Leslie Stephen, Vanessa and Virginia (who married respectively Clive Bell and Leonard Woolf). Their brothers brought their Cambridge friends

to the House. Prominent among these was Lytton Strachey, who introduced Grant to the group. This now also included Roger Fry (who was older than the others), Maynard Keynes, E. M. Forster, and Desmond MacCarthy and his wife. Fry, already well known both as a painter and an expert authority on the Old Masters, was a fascinating and invaluable companion for Duncan Grant, but the whole Bloomsbury group gave him an environment different from that of most young painters. They were passionately interested in the arts, they had no respect for the conventions—their ways of talk and behaviour were often thought shocking—but they had a breadth of culture and, under all the wit, a seriousness that distinguished them from the general run of Bohemians.

Duncan Grant, like most painters, is fascinated by the vehement life of great cities, the jostle of crowds in pubs and *bistros*, the waterfronts of ports like Toulon and Marseilles. Listening to the endless and animated argu-

ments of the Bloomsbury intellectuals was a pleasure of a different order. He was a few years younger, and one imagines him unconsciously adopting their standards, and soon contributing himself to the already very various flavour. For his slightly hesitant manner could never conceal for long an uncommonly distinct and decided personality. The Bloomsbury circle was intolerant of everything mediocre, contemptuous of official standards, of easy-going worldliness and of any compromise with the public taste. But there was none of the priggishness often attributed to highbrows, and, above all, no mutual adulation. Duncan Grant found himself with individuals who were affectionate in their friendship but caustic in their criticism.

He travelled to Sicily, to Tunisia, to Greece. (*The Lemon Gatherers*, now in the Tate, was painted in 1908 from Sicilian memories.) In Paris he saw for the first time, in the Stein collection, works by Picasso and Matisse. He showed pictures himself at the Friday Club, a

Chelsea studio in which the Bloomsbury group used to meet. Then in 1910 came the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition.

It was organised by Roger Fry; the Secretary was Desmond MacCarthy, whose eyes had been opened by the Van Goghs in Munich and Amsterdam. (He and Clive Bell were, I fancy, the first English writers to cotton on to what is called 'modern' painting.) Fry had been critical of the Impressionists, whose influence prevailed at the New English Art Club and who in England were still considered alarmingly 'advanced'. Imbued with Italian Art, he deplored their insistence upon realism and their frequent negligence of composition. In Cézanne, Seurat, Van Gogh and Gauguin he recognised with delight a return to the emphasis upon design that was traditional with the Old Masters. But when he brought their works to London — and works by their successors, Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Friesz — very few of his fellow *cognoscenti* could see, as he did, beneath the superficial differ-

ences, a basic similarity to the great art of the past. Sargent, it must be remembered, was then the painter most admired by the cultivated English. Even those who genuinely cared for the Italian Primitives and for the sculpture of Chartres were horrified when the Post-Impressionists used analogous liberties. Taste had accommodated itself to a lack of realism and to calculated distortion in the Old Masters, but collectors of Sienese altar-pieces and of Japanese prints complained as angrily as the Philistines that the pictures of Cézanne and Van Gogh were not 'like life'. Now that reproductions of their works are best-sellers, and their influence ubiquitous in posters and even in chintzes, it may be difficult to see why they caused such agitation thirty years ago. It was, of course, one more repetition of a familiar story. Ingres was condemned as an inaccurate draughtsman — in a sense justly, for he made ruthless distortions; Napoleon III slashed at a Courbet with a riding-whip; Manet's pictures excited howls of derision. But if in

England in 1910 even the cultivated public laughed or became indignant, the new way of painting was spreading from Paris all over Europe, and giving young artists an exhilarating sense of liberation. The years between, say, 1908 and 1928 saw an extraordinary outburst of talent. Painters and sculptors flocked from every continent to Paris. A new and splendidly fertile territory had been discovered for the visual artist to explore. The young, ardent in imagination and eager to express themselves, gained a particular impetus from the new school. Painters like Derain and Vlaminck and Friesz produced brilliant works by the side of which their later performance is sadly disappointing. It may even be held that Picasso is the only painter of the time — except, perhaps, Rouault — whose imaginative powers have not slackened with the passing years. In excitement and fruitfulness the early period of Post-Impressionism can be compared with the period when the infectious example of Giorgione gave to a whole school of painters an

effective inspiration.

Duncan Grant was just at the right age to get the most advantage from the new movement. For eight years he had been studying the Old Masters and improving his technique for depicting appearances so that now he could afford to take liberties. (Post-Impressionism has been a temptation and a trap to many apprentice painters: to try to distort before you can represent is like trying to dance before you can walk.) He began a series of paintings that are without a parallel in the history of the British School. A bunch of flowers, a woman in a bath-tub, a lamp on a table, a coster with a greyhound, a group of ballet-dancers, a friend sitting in a garden — anything, indeed, that caught his eye and memory provided a theme upon which he would elaborate a fantasia. The natural forms were wrested into arabesques; the colours were arbitrary or rather chosen merely for the felicity of their interaction; the concern with volume was hardly greater than in Chinese and Sienese painting. At the time

these pictures were astonishing, and intensely delightful to the few who were able to accept them. They no longer look odd, but they still surprise one by their originality, and I find as much delight in them as ever. They are very various, some painted in closely allied tones, others depending on sharp contrasts. Almost all are vernal, gay and lyrical with a charming air of spontaneity. Here was a painter who could make a tune out of a stove-pipe or a towel-horse. One could catch references to Byzantine mosaics, to Matisse, to African sculpture, to early Italians — and still specially to Piero della Francesca — but the pictures were conspicuously personal. It was clear, moreover, that they were the work of a born decorator.

In 1911 Duncan Grant collaborated with Roger Fry, Etchells, Adeney, Max Gill and Albert Rutherston in the decoration of a room, now destroyed, at the Borough Polytechnic. In 1913 Roger Fry, always indefatigable in enterprise, organised the Omega Workshops

for the production and sale of applied art. The designs were couched in the idiom of Post-Impressionism, and here for the first time cubism was applied to textiles, noble ancestors, as it were, of the degenerate 'modernist' stuffs that now proliferate. Fry had a particular distaste for the mechanical rigidity of pattern in machine-made goods — a rigidity prized by the 'functionalist' school of modern designers. He insisted, therefore, on the value of the slight irregularities that reveal the hand of the artist even in the repetitions of a formal design. Duncan Grant has a charming 'handwriting' whether he is defining a contour in a nude study or scribbling a border for a book-jacket or a carpet. He may be thought, however, to exaggerate sometimes the irregularities admired by Roger Fry, and also, as it were, to over-punctuate: the tendency to multiply criss-crosses and croquet-hoops round his decorations, to leave not an inch unadorned, is a legacy, I presume, from the Omega Workshops. There he painted screens and tables and

pottery, made designs for printed linens and carpets and marquetry trays. He used Omega textiles, Vanessa Bell's as well as his own, for the costumes of *Twelfth Night*, produced in Paris at the Vieux Colombier theatre by Copeau in 1914. The first appearances of the Russian Ballet in Western Europe were revealing to painters the alluring possibilities of designing for the stage. About the same time Grant made some decorative panels for the country house of Mr and Mrs St John Hutchinson, whose appreciation of his work has been constant. Lady Ottoline Morrell was another whose encouragement and hospitality — Bertrand Russell, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley and Mark Gertler were her frequent guests — stimulated Duncan Grant in these early years.

This period of artistic vitality in France and England was suddenly interrupted by the war of 1914. Grant worked on farms in Suffolk and Sussex, but managed also to do some painting, including a set of costumes for a Copeau production of *Pelléas and Mélisande*. After the war

he took a studio in Hampstead, and then one that had been Whistler's, Sickert's and Augustus John's, in Fitzroy Street. During the next few years he saw a great deal of Sickert, who did not so much influence directly his painting as encourage him with appreciation and criticism. In 1920 he had his first one-man show at the Carfax Gallery. He continued to decorate rooms — for Mr Henry Harris, for Mr Peter Harrison, for Mr Maynard Keynes, for Mr and Mrs St John Hutchinson, for Miss Sands and Miss Hudson, for Mr and Mrs Woolf, for Lady Gerald Wellesley. He made some further theatrical designs — for Beatrice Mayor's *The Pleasure Garden*, and a Greek play at Cambridge. (The latter was one of the most beautiful *décors* of our time.) But already in the early nineteen-twenties he became increasingly preoccupied with other ambitions.

It has been the fate of many among the best painters of the British School to begin with the display of extraordinary gifts; and then either they give way to the requirements of the pub-

lic, like Gainsborough (though indeed he continued also to paint superbly for his own satisfaction), or else, like Conder and Wilson Steer, they surrender to the fluency of their hands and do what comes easiest. The first of these pitfalls can never have been a danger to so conscientious an artist as Duncan Grant; the second he has been careful to avoid. Indeed, it may be thought that in his later easel-pictures he too often is working against the grain of his temperament. 'The effort to create complete and solidly realised constructions in a logically coherent space has, I think, hampered rather than helped his expression. Duncan Grant co-ordinates more fully on the flat surface than in three dimensions.' This was Roger Fry's opinion in 1924. Since then Grant has persisted with unabated industry in painting realistically to create volumes in space. He uses colour to provide modelling, sacrificing his gift for decorative colour; or rather reserving it for specifically decorative works. These realistic pictures often contain passages that

are lurid or morose. And even the texture becomes heavy. At the worst such works can be commended for their thoroughness: Grant pushes his pictures further, I think, than any of his contemporaries dare to do. And some of them seem to me entirely admirable: the full-length portrait of Mrs Bell, for instance, is a sumptuous harmony. It is arguable, moreover, that these painstaking works provide a necessary discipline, without which the decorative paintings would become merely fluent repetitions. Duncan Grant's decorative panels, pastels and water-colours reflect the man one meets — mercurial, full of humour, quick in response to sensuous beauty, delightful in the unexpectedness of his comments. Some of the easel-pictures must express an otherwise hidden side of his nature, perhaps a dourness inherited from a Covenanter among his ancestors. A poet often becomes clumsy when he argues in prose, and it is unlikely that Veronese could have painted with success in the style of Philippe de Champagne.

Duncan Grant's decorations in point of fact are, as a whole series of sketches will prove, no less painstaking than his realistic works; but the labour does not show. This goes to prove that they express the natural bent of his genius. Unluckily he has not enjoyed much opportunity for large-scale decoration. Grant, from the days of the Omega Workshops, has remained interested in applied art. The textiles he designed for the firm of Allan Walton I consider the most beautiful printed stuffs I have seen. He has also designed delightful dinner and tea services for Messrs Brain; and he has painted on pots and plates made by Miss Phyllis Keyes. Embroideries of his design, executed with consummate taste by his mother, are masterpieces of contemporary applied art. But the history of his most important commission is a cautionary tale. In 1935 he was engaged to decorate a large room in S.S. *Queen Mary*. The scheme included three great painted panels; but when these were completed, Sir Percy Bates, the chairman of the Cunard —

White-Star Company, intervened, and refused to have them put up. I see good reasons for this decision. They would have contrasted violently with the style of decoration in which the rest of the ship was lavishly embellished. Moreover, they would certainly not have appealed to the film-stars, opera-singers, oil-magnates and other Big Business tycoons who before the war were bound to be the most valuable patrons of a luxury liner. It would perhaps have been better if the Company had thought of this before commissioning so distinguished and so inappropriate an artist. The panels have found an honourable home for the present in the canteen of the National Gallery.

Unluckily a lot of Duncan Grant's decorative work has been destroyed by German bombs. The houses of Miss Sands and Mr and Mrs Woolf were demolished; so was the artist's own studio in Fitzroy Street, with some of his works in it. He has now completed a large wall-painting for the chancel-arch of the parish church of Berwick in Sussex, near his country

home, while Vanessa Bell has decorated the sides of the chancel with an Annunciation and a Nativity. She has collaborated with Grant in so many of his decorations that when writing about his work the critic must also consider hers. It is sometimes assumed that she is, as it were, his pupil. Certainly there are conspicuous similarities between Vanessa Bell's work and Duncan Grant's, and often they have painted simultaneously from the same model. Yet it seems to me clear that the influence has been not one-sided but reciprocal. Careful comparison suggests moreover that, though they share many tastes, they are quite unlike in temperament. Vanessa Bell is, I think, by nature a realist. (Unlike Grant she has a great gift for catching a likeness.) She is altogether a graver, less exuberant, artist; her landscapes and still-lives bear the signs of careful consideration and are all the better for this. The resemblances between her work and his have, I think, prevented her gifts receiving the full appreciation that they merit. Their virtues

seem to me markedly different in character, and each paints best when painting least like the other. The tempo natural to her is *andante*, while his is *allegro*.

Many of his happiest pictures have been inspired by classical mythology. Venus in her conch, Narcissus leaning over his watery looking-glass, Arion astride a dolphin, a satyr snatching the drapery from a sleeping nymph—such subjects come to him as naturally as to the Florentine painters or the Elizabethan songwriters. He is unversed in the Greek and Latin tongues, and there is evidently nothing antiquarian in his taste for classical themes. But no English painter has been more profoundly influenced by Italian art. As late as 1928 he made a full-size copy of the Piero di Cosimo *Death of Procris*; and when in London he was much at the National Gallery. Between 1927 and 1938 he spent part of each year at Cassis near Marseilles, where among the vineyards and olivegroves, with, in the distance, the white houses and red roofs clustering round the harbour and

the fickle blues of the bay, he found the Mediterranean light that has made painters happy from Raphael and Claude to Renoir and Matisse. Some of the pastels in particular that derive from these sojourns are among Grant's most attractive works. The effect of the Southern scene, no less than of the Italian Masters, is powerful in almost all his decorative paintings.

Duncan Grant is a conspicuously accomplished draughtsman. The studies of the nude, on which he bases his decorative compositions, are exemplary in observation as well as in sensibility. But he draws in mass rather than in outline, and conveys the contours by overlapping strokes of his pencil or chalk; and the public prefers a tighter method. (Augustus John's drawings for this reason are more in demand than Sickert's.) Often, too, whether he is drawing in pencil or in oils, Grant is content to indicate a hand by a seemingly arbitrary scribble. He likes to emphasise the contrasts between the male and female forms, giving his women massively rounded torsos, arms and

legs — even calumniously thickening the wrists and ankles. (Similarly it has, one notices, been the fashion among modern sculptors, such as Maillol and Henry Moore, to broaden the human figure. The Romanesque sculptors preferred to lengthen it. Both methods are justified by their results.) On the other hand, when Grant draws the male nude, which he does more often than most contemporary artists, he inclines to refine the forms, or at least to choose slender models.

His handling of paint, like his drawing, in his best work brims with vitality; and even in his less successful works there are always beautiful passages. His inventiveness in colour has from the first been remarkable. He is an exceptionally prolific painter, in the sense that each year he covers a great number of canvases. But he is apt to be dissatisfied with most of them, and he puts them aside in the hope of returning to them. His actual output is therefore small. He has had one-man shows at Agnew's; and pictures by him are sometimes

to be seen also at the Leicester Galleries, the Lefevre, the Redfern and the Leger. He was an early member of the London Group, and he belonged to the London Artists' Association which used to have a room at the Cooling Gallery. He never sends to the Royal Academy, but one of his pictures was exhibited there in 1941, because it had been purchased by the Chantrey Bequest.

In this introduction I have made no attempt to conceal my own tastes and prejudices. A critic, as opposed to an historian of art, must write from his own eye, his personal responses. It is now accepted that the principal function of a picture is not to give information about the visible world, but to express the imagination of the painter and to infect the spectator with his emotion. The degree to which he chooses to represent phenomena varies with individuals and epochs. I usually prefer Duncan Grant in his more fanciful and less factual moods. But I am aware that I am prejudiced

æsthetically in favour of elegance. (Consequently I am handicapped by a constitutional inability to feel enthusiasm for the Flemish Primitives.) Duncan Grant works in two such contrasting styles that perhaps full justice could be done to him only by two critics with similarly contrasting temperaments. This confession made — and I think critics should be more honest about their natural limitations — I can hope that readers will take more notice of the praise I have given than of the reserves I have made. I believe Grant to be conspicuous in the history of the British School alike for his gifts and for the energy and integrity with which these have been cultivated. I hope that after the war public bodies will prove more discriminating than rich men have shown themselves; and that the country of his birth, having at last produced a consummate decorator, will provide him with the opportunities he deserves, and posterity with a legacy of fine visual pleasure.

COLOUR PLATES

1. *Still Life*. c. 1912. $12\frac{3}{4} \times 16\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by The Courtauld Institute. Oil.
3. *Portrait of James Strachey*. 1910. 25×30 inches. Owned by Mrs Bartle Grant. Oil.
5. *The Tub*. 1913. 30×22 inches. Owned by Vanessa Bell. Oil on paper.
7. *Open Air Lesson*. 1916. $18\frac{1}{4} \times 20$ inches. Owned by Vanessa Bell. Oil.
9. *Long Decoration – Dancers*. 1934. $50 \times 95\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by the Artist. Oil.
11. *Figure in Glass Case*. 1938. 25×20 inches. Owned by Sir Kenneth Clark. Oil.
13. *Portrait of Pamela Fry*. 1911. $20\frac{1}{8} \times 30$ inches. Owned by A. Diamond, Esq. Oil.
15. *Zurbaran*. c. 1928. $20 \times 55\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by Sir Kenneth Clark. Oil.
17. *Flowers*. 1942. 36×24 inches. Owned by the Artist. Oil.
19. *Decorative Figure – Upright*. 1934. $95 \times 55\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by the Artist. Oil on paper.
21. *Nude Study*. 1935. $27\frac{7}{8} \times 18\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by Sir Kenneth Clark. Pastel.
23. *Angelica*. 1935. $31\frac{3}{4} \times 21\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Owned by Vanessa Bell. Pastel.
25. *Portrait of Vanessa Bell*. 1942. 24×20 inches. Owned by The Tate Gallery. Oil.
27. *Textile*. c. 1932. 54×48 inches. Owned by Allan Walton, Esq.
29. *Haystack Before Trees*. 1940. 24×26 inches. Owned by The Tate Gallery. Oil.
31. *Two Figures with Scroll*. 1920. 32×24 inches. Owned by Raymond Mortimer, Esq. Oil on paper.

BLACK-AND-WHITE PLATES

2. *Tents*. 1912. $24\frac{1}{2} \times 29\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by Mrs St John Hutchinson. Oil on card.
4. *Man with Greyhound*. 1913. $37\frac{3}{8} \times 20\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by the Artist. Oil on wood.
6. *Nymph and Satyr*. c. 1925. $21\frac{1}{8} \times 31\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by Raymond Mortimer, Esq. Oil.
8. *The Ass*. 1913. 48×50 inches. Owned by Mrs Anrep. Oil on paper.
10. *The White Gate*. 1921. $32 \times 37\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Owned by Lord Jowitt. Oil.
12. *Provençal Landscape*. 1934. $35 \times 39\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by C. H. Mackenzie, Esq. Oil.
14. *The Stove: Fitzroy Street*. 1936. $35 \times 27\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by E. L. Franklin, Esq. Oil.
16. *Whistler's Shrimp Girl*. 1931. $21\frac{3}{4} \times 18\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Owned by Dr Beryl Harding. Oil.
18. *The Flower Gatherers*. c. 1937. 134×90 inches. Owned by the Artist. Oil.
20. *Nude*. 1934. 27×20 inches. Owned by Sir Kenneth Clark. Pastel.
22. *Girl at Piano*. 1938. $45\frac{3}{4} \times 56\frac{7}{8}$ inches. Owned by The Tate Gallery. Oil.
24. *Pour Vous (Portrait)*. 1930. 34×29 inches. Owned by the Artist. Oil.
26. *The Washerwomen*. 1930. 32×53 inches. Owned by T. A. Fennemore, Esq. Oil on paper.
28. *Mimosa*. 1930. 30×24 inches. Owned by the Artist. Oil.
30. *Green Tree and Dark Pool*. 1926. 24×30 inches. Owned by the late Lord Keynes. Oil.
32. *Self Portrait*. 1911. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owned by Vanessa Bell. Oil on wood panel.

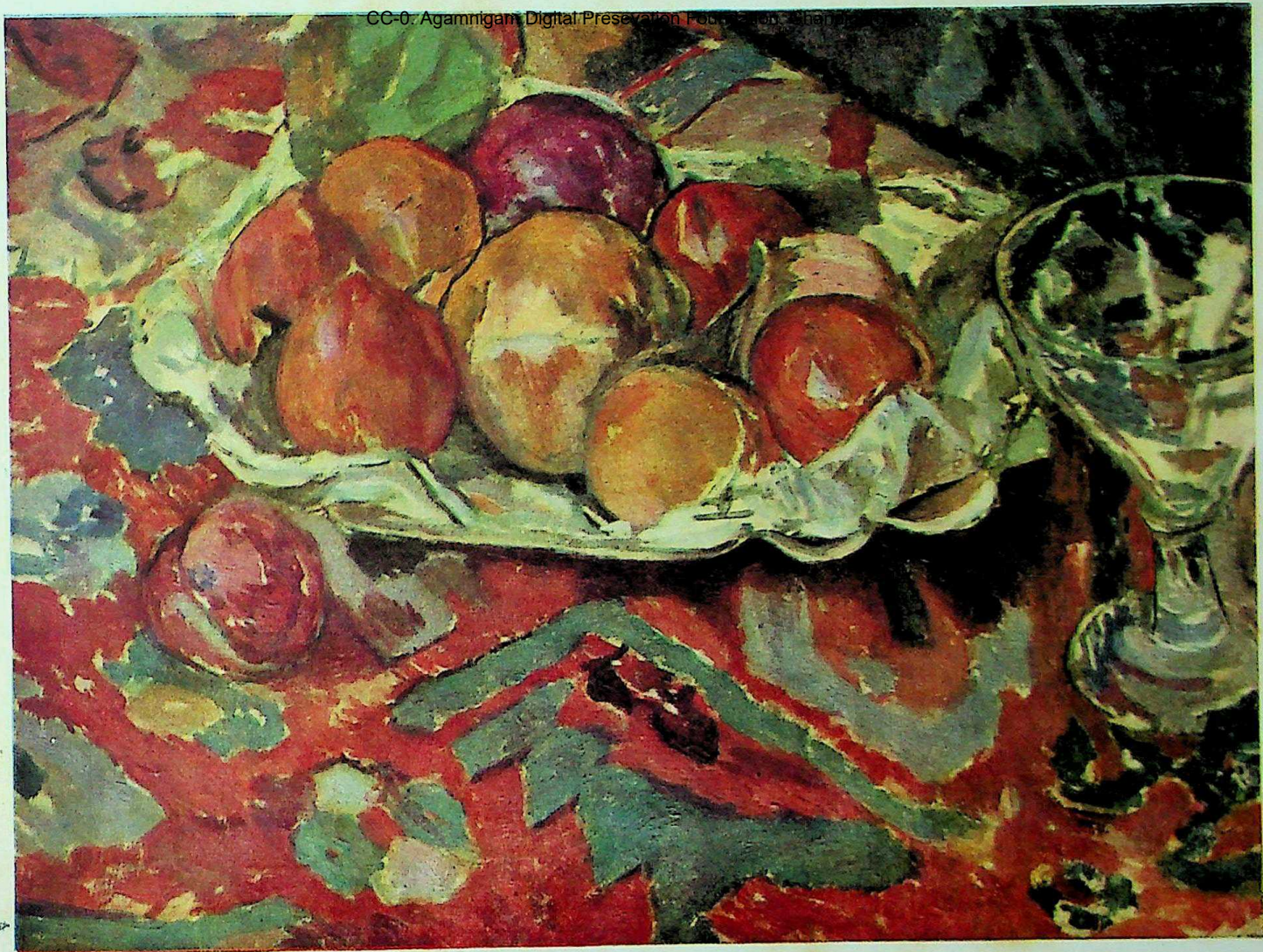


Plate 1 STILL LIFE. About 1912



Plate 2 TENTS. 1912



Plate 3 PORTRAIT OF JAMES STRACHEY. 1910



Plate 4 MAN WITH GREYHOUND. 1913

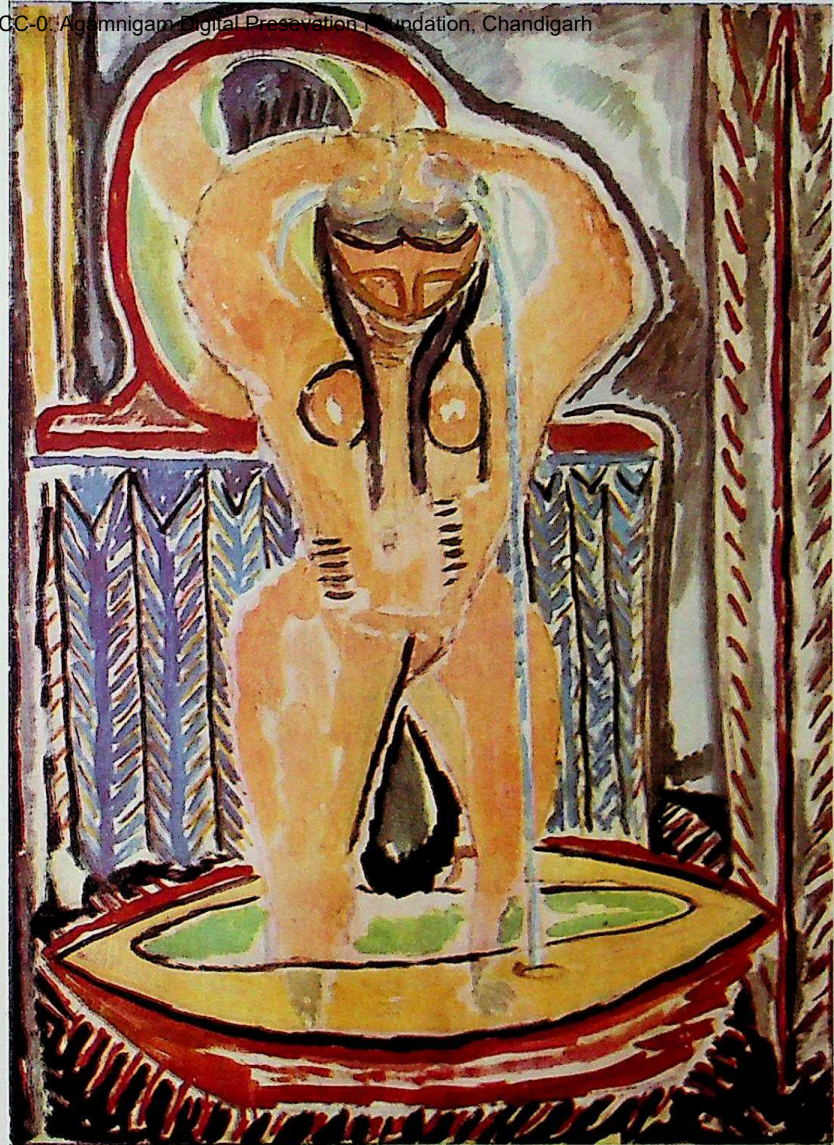


Plate 5 THE TUB. 1913

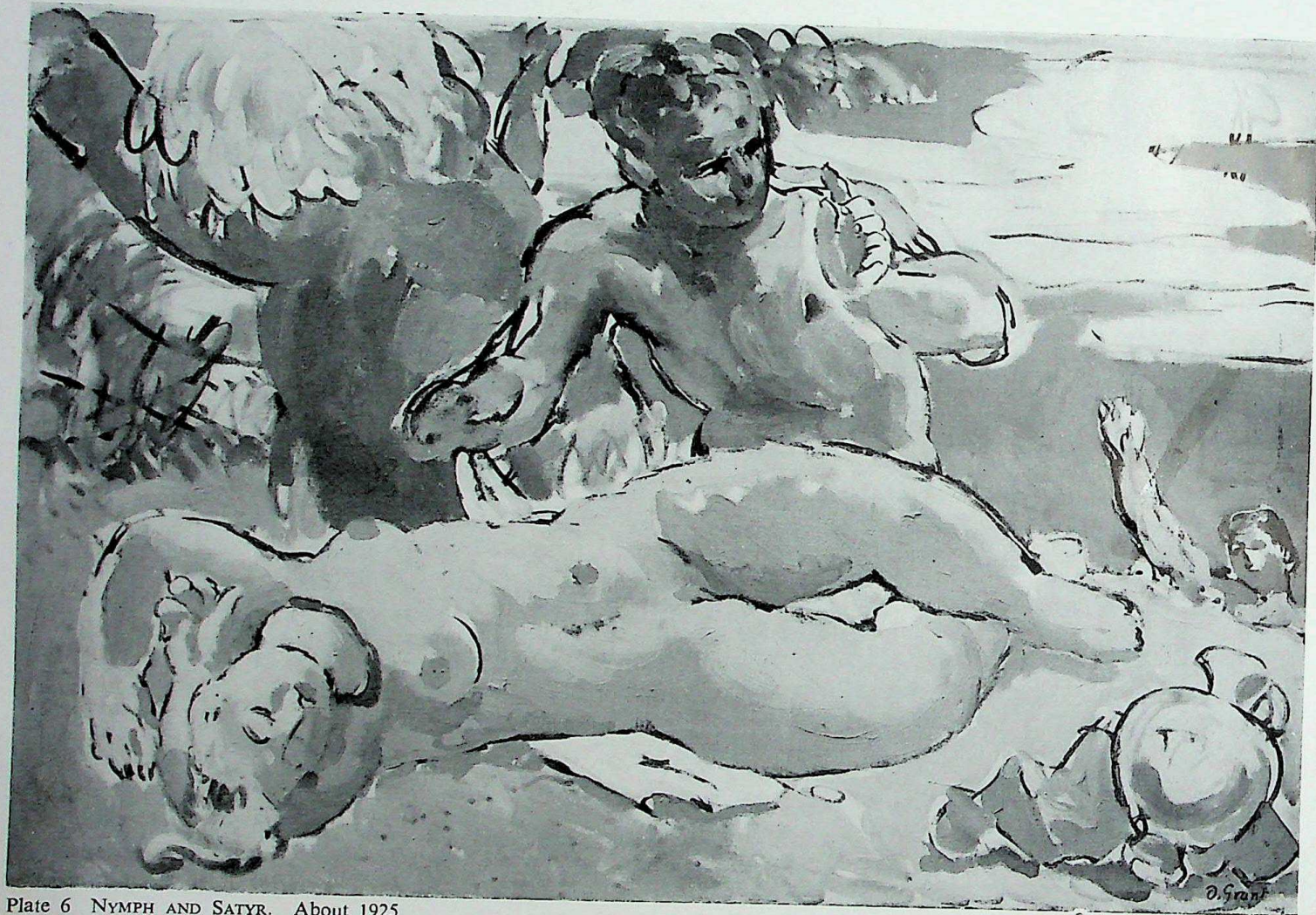


Plate 6 NYMPH AND SATYR. About 1925



Plate 7 OPEN AIR LESSON. 1916



Plate 8 THE ASS. 1913

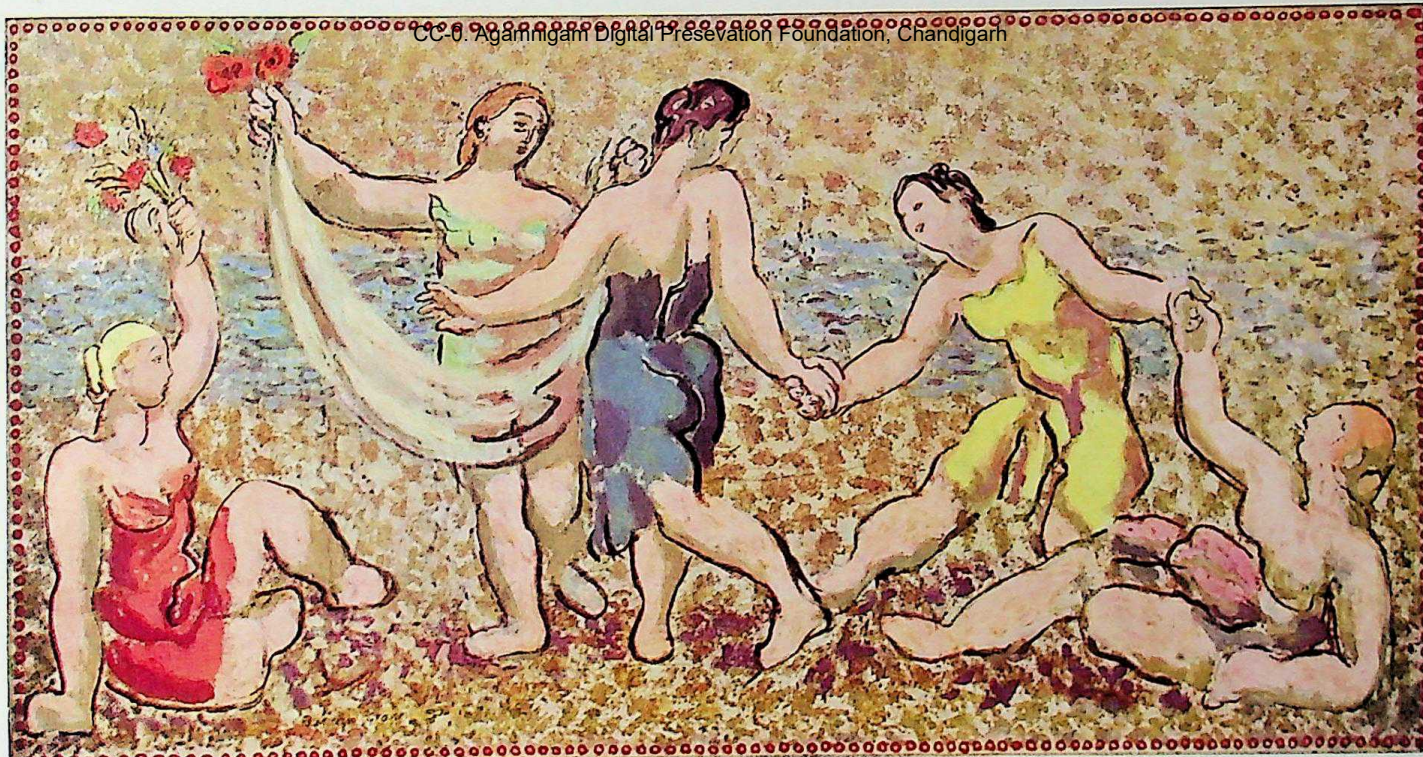


Plate 9 LONG DECORATION—Dancers. 1934



Plate 10 THE WHITE GATE. 1921

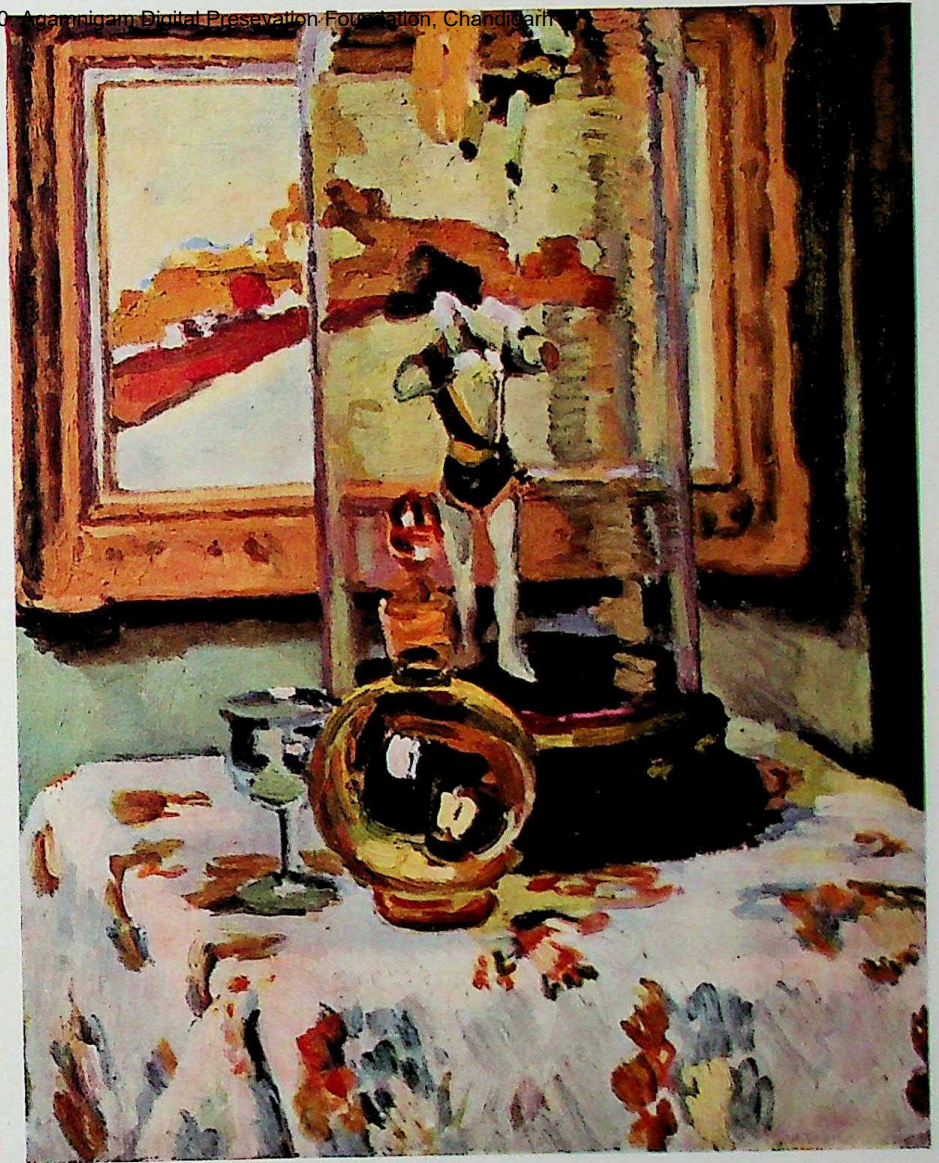


Plate 11 FIGURE IN GLASS CASE. 1938



Plate 12 PROVENÇAL LANDSCAPE. 1934



Plate 13 PORTRAIT OF PAMELA FRY. 1911

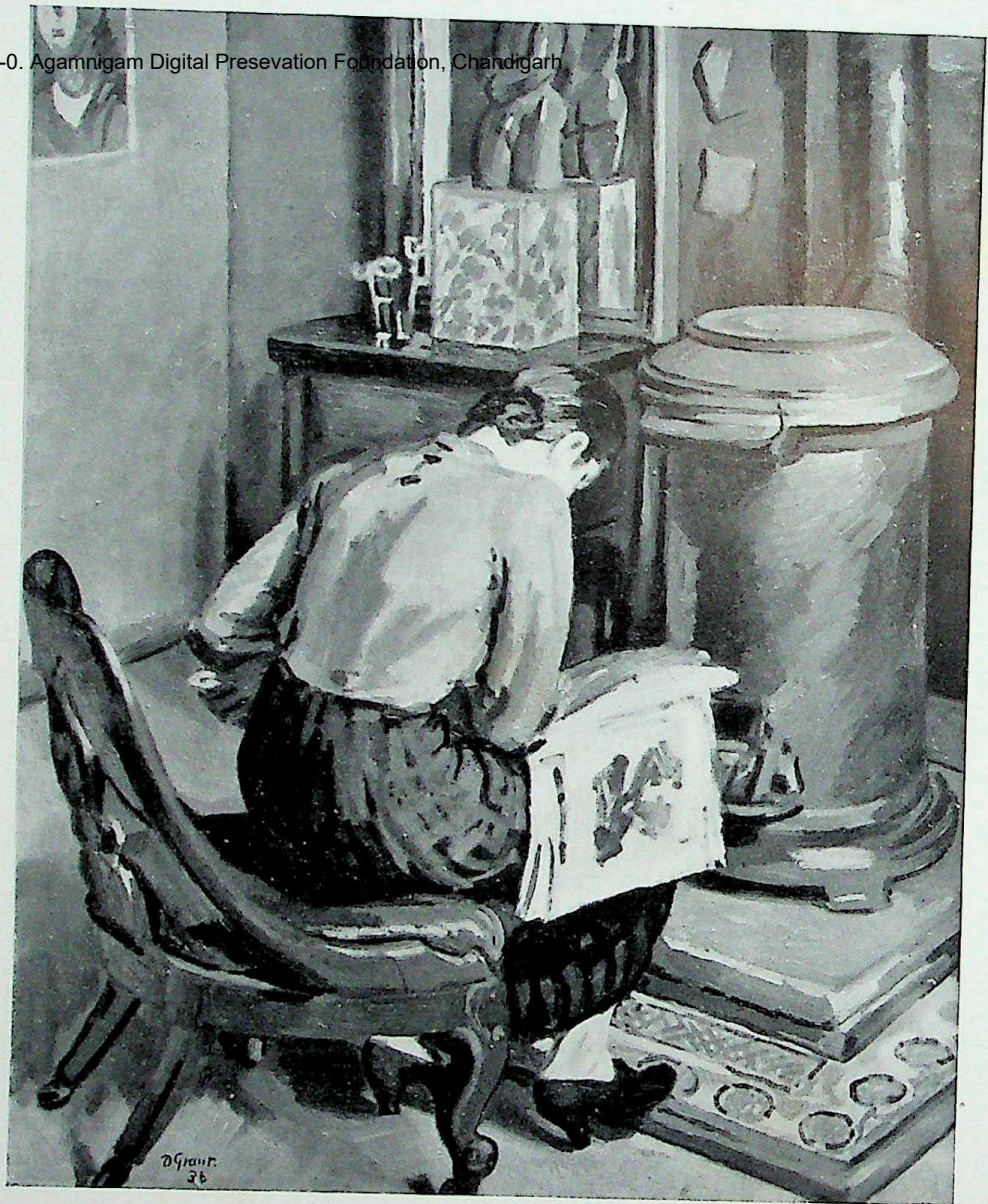


Plate 14 THE STOVE: FITZROY STREET. 1936

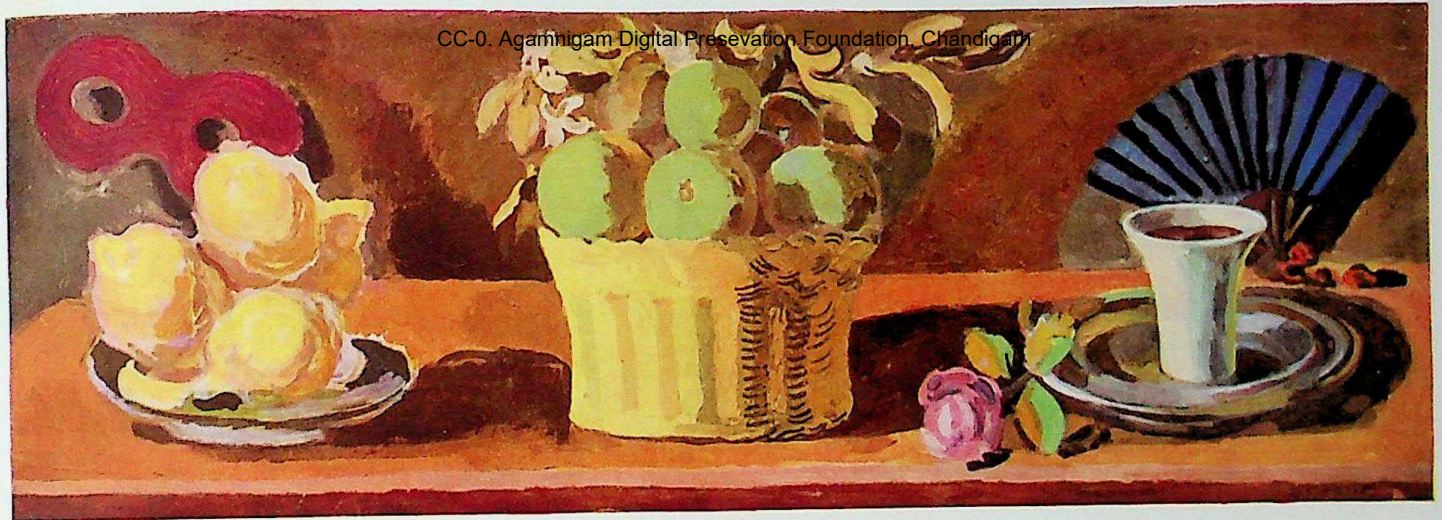


Plate 15 ZURBARAN. About 1928

J. Frank
/31

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Plate 16
WHISTLER'S SHRIMP GIRL. 1931



Plate 17 FLOWERS. 1942



Plate 18 THE FLOWER GATHERERS. About 1937



Plate 19 DECORATIVE FIGURE—Upright. 1934



Plate 20 NUDE. 1934



Plate 21 NUDE STUDY. 1935

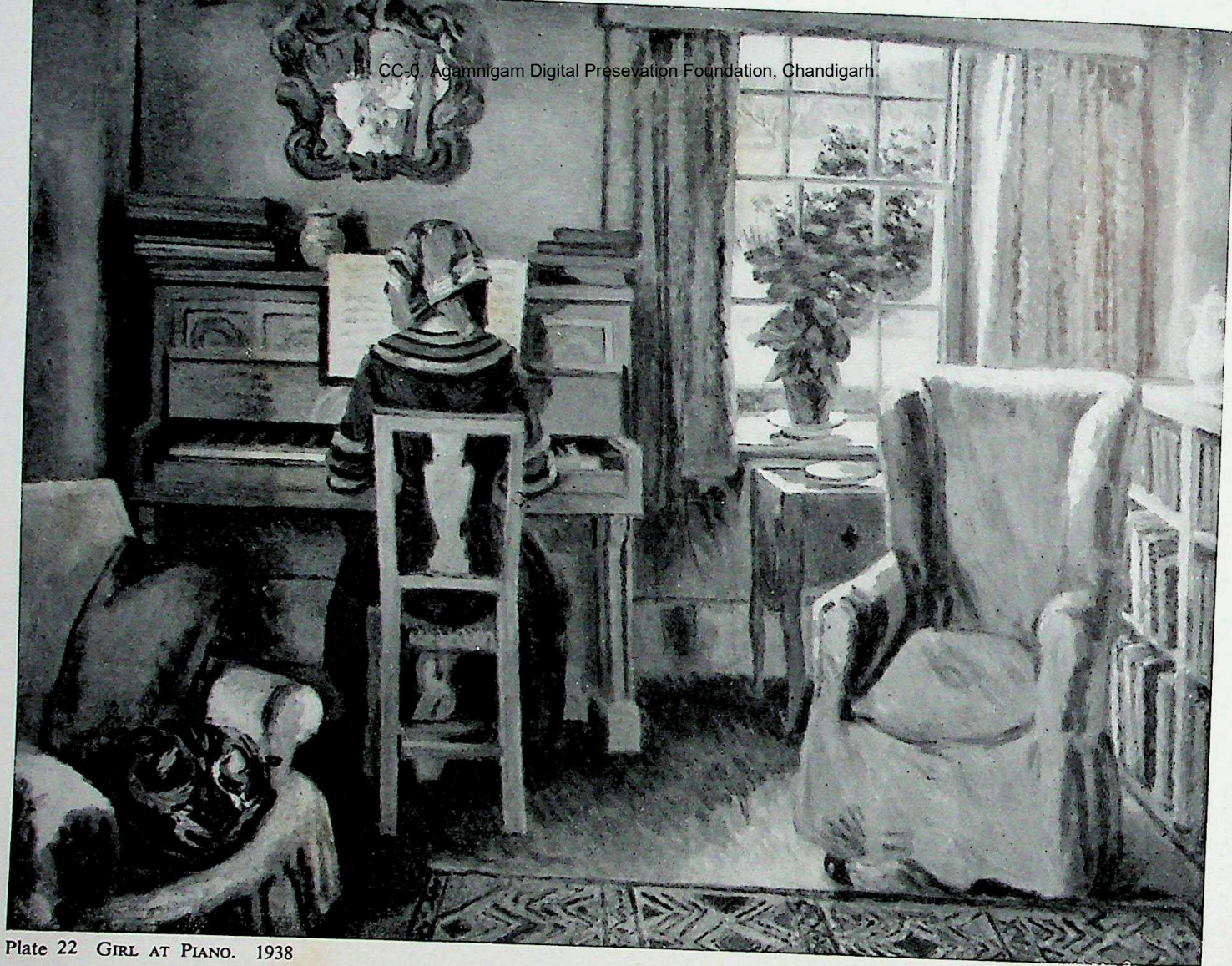


Plate 22 GIRL AT PIANO. 1938



Plate 23 ANGELICA. 1935



Plate 24
POUR VOUS—Portrait. 1930

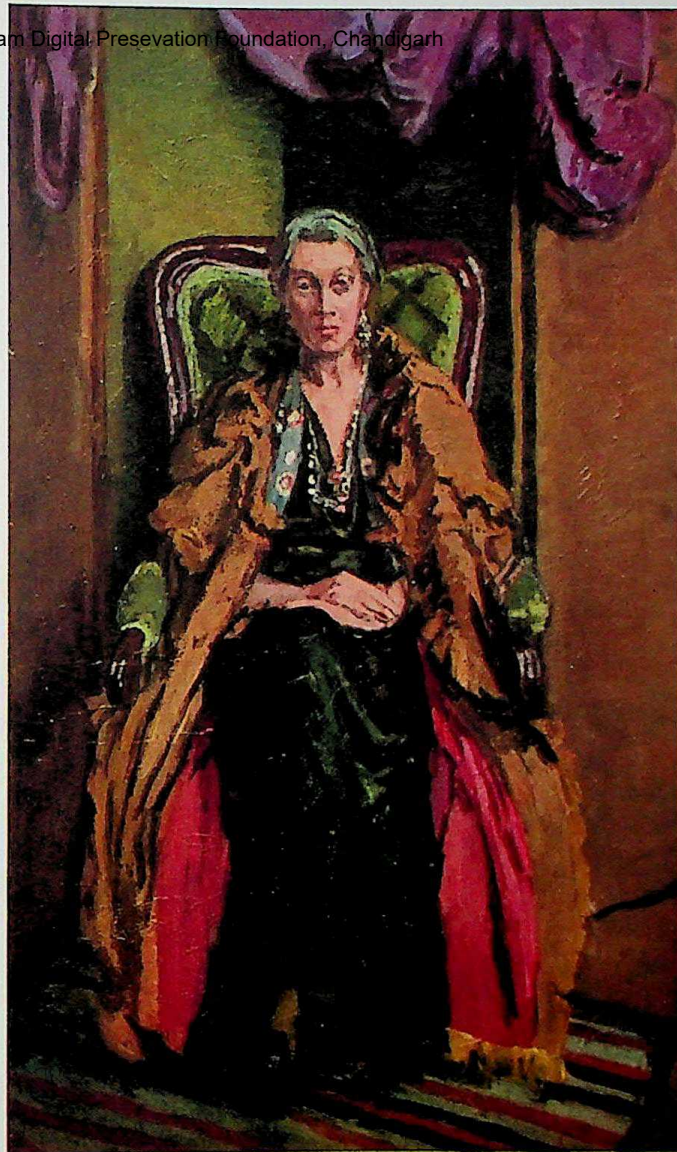


Plate 25 PORTRAIT OF VANESSA BELL. 1942



Plate 26 THE WASHERWOMEN. 1930



Plate 27 TEXTILE. About 1932



Plate 28 MIMOSA. 1930



Plate 29 HAYSTACK BEFORE TREES. 1940



Plate 30 GREEN TREE AND DARK POOL. 1926



Plate 31 Two FIGURES WITH SCROLL. 1920



Plate 32 SELF PORTRAIT. 1911

THREE SHILLINGS
AND SIXPENCE